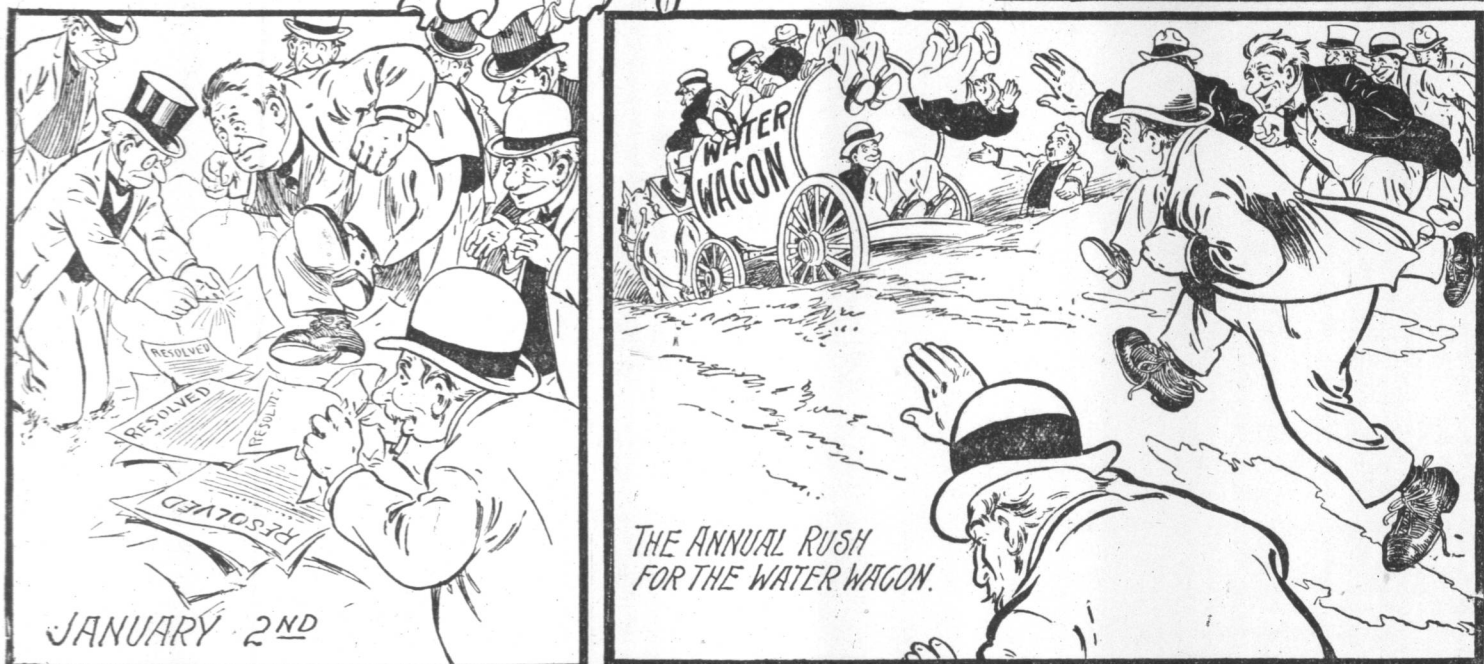


NEVER AGAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY D. MELVILLE



WITHIN a few days our ears will be filled with the deafening crash of people breaking their New Year's resolutions. Three million sets of iron-clad non-combustible American "never-again" crushed to earth will remain there until dug up again the night of December 31, 1909. What has the New Year in store for you, joy or sorrow? Few to-day realize what or where they will be before the end of 1909, and attempts to prognosticate probably would be vain. As far as destiny is concerned the world literally lives "from hand to mouth." We can only guess at what the next year will bring.

For William Jennings Bryan 1909 means more lectures at so much per night. For William Howard Taft, 1909 is a year of glad rejoicing, for on March 4 he assumes the presidential chair vacated by Theodore Roosevelt. Four years ago when an attempt was made to relegate Mr. Taft to the bench of the supreme court of the United States he little suspected that he was material to fill the chair at the head of the nation.

Joy is mingled with sadness in President Roosevelt's case and his cup is one of bitter-sweet, for while he lifts the cares of the presidential office from his head and applies his strenuous tests upon the habits of the East African jungle he has shot his bolt as far as the U. S. A. is concerned, there being nothing left to conquer.

But for the commonplace citizen of these United States 1909 carries only conjecture, as a rule. Lots of men and women start the year planning to carry out some cherished ideas, whether they will succeed being a matter that only Father Time himself can solve.

There are approximately 82,000,000 souls in this country. Of that number statistics say 3,000,000 have drawn up sets of resolutions, which if carried out would cut a swath in the nation's liquor and tobacco traffic.

From every state in the union the cry "never again" arises, and just a few days after the debut of the new year the phrase gives way to a murmur of "just one more" with the eventual result that 15 days or three weeks finds conditions once more at a normal state.

There is a saying that a man is never great until he dies. Therefore it is generally not until the demise of the righteous that we learn of the man or woman who made and kept a New Year's reso-

lution. Then the press lets us know about it and as a rule the alleged New Year's resolution which was kept may be laid at the door of the bright young reporter who covered the death and who was anxious to inoculate a feature into his story.

There are thousands of ways of applying the "never again." Here are a few of the more or less popular ways:

I promise never again, after January 1 to—

Drink Intoxicants,
Smoke Tobacco,
Swear,
Be Mean to My Wife,
Keep Late Hours,
Waste Money,
Eat Heavy Meals,
Vote the Ticket,
Grow a Mustache,
Spurn the Alarm Clock's Call,
Read Novels,
Quit My Job,
Believe Fish Tales,
Play Cards,
Gamble,
Celebrate July 4,
Dance Overtime,
Ask for More Pay,
Tell Lies,
Wear Loud Socks,
Flirt,
Part My Hair in the Middle,
Shirk Work,
Watch Salome Dances,
Marry,
Be Conceited,
Wear Merry Widow Hats,
Etc.

Other purely local faults are subjects of New Year's resolutions and usually the signed and sworn document is tucked away in a corner, neglected and its contents forgotten. Then the party to the "swearing off," who for three days has been telling his friends or her friends how invigorating it feels to be once more spiritually pure, drops down a step or two and when resolutions are mentioned has a merry laugh and tells about how last New Year's he or she had sworn off this and that and had more fun "with the folks over it."

At midnight each December 31, Father Time loads up the water wagon with thousands of ex-imbibers who now are firm believers in the health-giving properties of aqua pura. About 12:01 a. m., January 1, the one who is less able to stand the gam of total abstinence slides off to the

ground and proceeds to celebrate. For fear that he may be lonesome two or three others follow him and pretty soon most of them are sliding back to Mother Earth and alleged happiness. Occasionally a man or two is found who keeps a resolution and two and then there is a place reserved for him in the hall of fame, but there are lots of empty niches there.

New Year's parties, attended by young people, are the breeding places for resolutions. Inventors of games who profit thereby, have gone so far as to concoct resolution games for parties of that sort and in some of the contests the loser is compelled to keep his promise to "swear off" this or that, if he would adhere to his or her affidavit.

A story is told of a young lady and a young man, engaged to each other, who attended a New Year's party. The couple were extremely fond of each other and the bride-to-be had only one objection to her intended spouse, viz., that he drank intoxicants. He was not aware that she knew it. Consequently before the little social function she "fixed" the resolution contest, so he would lose. She playfully told him that he must keep his resolution and he, rather fearfully promised, little suspecting the plot.

Well, he lost and said he would keep the promise, though he lied and said he never touched a "drop in his life."

"I know you don't drink," she breathed into his ear from the depths of a cozy corner, "but I want to be sure that you never will."

Thus the young man's habit met its Waterloo in the New Year's trick of a "stacked deck," promoted by his fiancée, and now, five years following their marriage, his taste for spirits was declared positively extinct by the wife in a recent coroner's inquest at the ladies' sewing circle.

That was one resolution which held and probably will for the rest of the young married man's life, providing he doesn't get into politics. But that was one of a few. When a man or woman makes a resolution with a string attached to it, such as awarding a watching friend a few simoleons in case the promise to abstain from some habit is broken, then the vaccination "takes," but otherwise, it seldom holds good for more than a week. A week is really a long stretch for the life of a set of promises, most of them expiring with dawn of January 1, although having been made only the previous night. This new year will see the breaking of approximately 3,000,000 well-founded resolutions, but who cares? There are lots more New Years coming, say the philosophers.

The Drummer's Sermon

The Man with the Telegram, and Some Others—A Touch of Nature in Montana—Knowing Life Under the Surface.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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There were only a few men in the club smoker between Washington and Baltimore, and I gave my attention, unobserved, to one man with a telegram in his hands. It was a two-page telegram, possibly a hundred words long. I went through the evening paper while that man was reading the telegram. The reason is plain; the newspaper contained only the day's news for me, but that single telegram held fate for the man.

How do I know? Men do not ponder for an hour, chewing an unlighted cigar to shreds the while, over a telegram from the house telling them to call up the boss on long distance at the next city. That man studied the telegram as if its every word were a cryptogram. He stared at it, blinked at it, and looked at it without seeing anything. He was hard hit, but he was no squalor. The muscles at the hinges of his jaw tied themselves into knots, and then untied. Yet never a drop of juice came into his eyes. Still, it was plain to everybody that he was having the fight of his life, right there in that swiftly-moving train, and not caring whether he was on foot or in a rowboat—utterly dead to all his surroundings.

When Everybody is a Crusoe.

There are times like that, and everybody has had or will have them, times when you don't care a last year's campaign button for the world around you, because you are up against the truth and good and hard, that the world inside is the only one that counts. In the big hours of a man's life he is alone with himself, a Robinson Crusoe without a parrot or a man Friday. Not everybody comes through such an experience as nervously as my fellow passenger. He was a man; whatever the precise nature of that crisis with which that telegram brought him face to face, he was playing the man. If one has the sort of grit that showed in his perplexed face, Fate cannot really hurt him.

As I watched the man—I cannot describe his looks or his clothes, for I seemed to be looking into his battling soul—I recalled some lines by a man named Henley which I once clipped out of a newspaper:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of Chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

When Express Trains Seem Slow.

The old saying has it that "life is what you make it," but I rather think it is as you take it. Attitude determines everything. Put up the right front to life, and life will



straightway follow at your heels like a well-trained dog. Did you never see a second-rate boss start in to give a call-down to a first-class man, and before you knew how it had happened it seemed almost as if the man were giving a crack to the boss? Some men have the manner, the poise, and some have not. For me, I covet more than I covet a partnership in the firm, or that little place in the country about which Bess and I build air-castles, this quiet, masterful, imperious and fearless attitude toward life, which can take what is coming to me like a king. A stout and conquering heart is a better fortune than an ancestral castle.

Speaking of not knowing what you are coming up against next reminds me of an incident that happened once

Made a Difference.

Long after midnight the suburban man sat on his front step listening to the dismal howl of a restless canine. "Awful racket," commented the big policeman as he sauntered up the avenue.

"Terrible," agreed the man on the steps.

"Those howls are enough to raise the dead."

"Well, I should say so."

"Make the cold shivers creep up and down your spine."

"They are fierce."

"Wonder you wouldn't make a complaint."

"Well, I am just waiting."

"May I ask what you are waiting for?"

"Sure! I am waiting to find out if that is my dog or my neighbor's dog. If it is my dog—well, you know we all have to put up with unseemly noises these hot nights, but if it is my neighbor's dog—blamed if I don't shoot him myself!"

How a man does hate to be called down by a woman when he is repeating a choice bit of gossip!

when I was making my long jump west. At Chicago one of the passengers was given a telegram from some place out in Montana, saying that his boy's condition was the same. He was a man from Philadelphia, who had been called west in a hurry; it seemed that he had a boy and a girl out on a ranch. In the friendly American way, we all sympathized with him and tried to cheer him up; and it did seem as if we had diverted his mind, for he was one of the most friendly and amiable of the car's passengers.

That was only a "seem," when something goes down into the deep and real nature of a man, all the superficial happenings in the universe cannot affect him. The San Francisco earthquake was a mere incident to a few people who were weeping by the bodies of their dead that April night. Beneath all the pleasant chatter and polite exterior I could see that this man was like a war horse tugging at the bit, which holds him back. The train was due at the Montana station about eight o'clock in the morning; the man was awake and dressed at four, and in the smoking-room comparing time with the conductor. All pretense was gone now; the eager, anxious father-heart was bare.

The Unexpected Blow.

After four slow hours the train stopped at one of those little stations in the open Montana country. Conduc-



tor, porter and passengers crowded to the door with our fellow passenger, eager to hear the news; for there is a deal of sympathy in all kinds of people. To everybody's surprise, there was the son himself, waiting for his father. Before the man's expression of delight had fairly escaped him, he saw that the boy bore news. In a quiet voice, which we could not hear, the son let out the worst. Like a pistol shot that had been preceded by no angry talk. The old man staggered sidewise, sort of on the axis of the arm which the boy held, and cried aloud: "My God! You don't mean to tell me that my daughter is dead!" Then he staggered away, all in a heap, the visible incarnation of a broken heart.

He had told us about that girl, about the honors she had won at college, about her skill on horseback and in outdoor sports, and about what a comfort it was to know that she was with her brother in the latter's sickness. And all the while it was the girl herself who was dead. It was a subdued and gentle crowd of men and women that rode together for the remainder of that day; it was the touch of nature that welded us all into kinship, and set each of us to wondering what might be waiting for us at the next turn of the road.

Death, and greater troubles, reveal life. These uncoverings of the depths show the only part of man that is worth bothering about. I've been confidential with people speaking all sorts of accents and wearing all kinds of clothes; and I have learned that you have to get beneath all these things to find where the real man lives.

A man is only so much of a man as he is when his soul stands stark naked in the glare of some burning crisis or calamity.

THE DRUMMER.

Looking the Part.

"An actor doesn't have to know much these days," sighed the frayed one. "All he has to do is to look the part. Not long ago Frohman sent me to take a small part. The moment he looked me over he said, quickly: 'Oh, you won't do.'"

"The part was that of a corpulent and well-to-do bank president. Fancy a half-starved actor out of a job trying to look a part like that!"

Proof Positive.

Tom—Skinner is an old hypocrite. Jack—Why do you think so? Tom—The other day he told me that a young man should never pass up an opportunity to embrace a good thing. Jack—Well?

Tom—When he caught me embracing his daughter last night he kicked me down the front steps.

Californian Secures World Record.

Smith Warren has returned from Catalina and San Clemente. Making his headquarters at Avalon, he made three different trips to San Clemente, remaining several days each time, going after the big yellowtail. The first time over Mr. Warren secured a gold button fish, with nine-ounce tackle. Then nothing would do but he must go after the world's record on three six tackle, and he got that with a 45-pound yellowtail, brought to gaff in 35 minutes. Another gold-button fish was landed in 22 minutes, but Warren admits it was hard work. He says the inference that the big yellowtail of San Clemente are not so active, nor such hard fighters as the average 20-pounder at Avalon is not true. So far as getting strikes was concerned it was simply a question of keeping the bait away from the smaller fish until a gold-button yellowtail could be induced to take it.—Los Angeles Examiner.

The Connection.

"No wonder that Poet is so indignant. He has to live by his rhyme."

"Oh, that's the reason!"—Baltimore American.

BECOMES NAVAL ASSISTANT.

New Yorker Succeeds to Post of Secretary of Navy Newberry.

Washington.—Herbert L. Satterlee of New York, a son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, is the new assistant secretary of the navy, succeeding Truman H. Newberry, who has entered the cabinet as secretary of the navy as successor to Victor H. Metcalf.

Mr. Satterlee was a volunteer lieutenant in the navy from July 6 until November 7, 1898, as chief of staff to Capt. John R. Bartlett, U. S. N., re-



HERBERT L. SATTERLEE

tired, who was then in charge of the coast signal service. He was born in New York October 31, 1863. After graduating from Columbia university law school he was admitted to the bar in 1885. In 1886 he was private secretary to United States Senator William M. Everts.

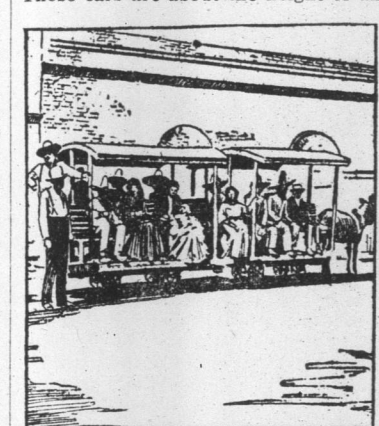
Mr. Satterlee has been interested in the New York naval militia for a long time and from 1891 until 1895 he was navigator of the first naval battalion. In 1896 he was colonel and aid de camp and aid to Gov. Black.

He is president of the Naval Reserve association and general counsel of the Navy league of the United States. From 1895 to 1900 he was fleet captain of the Seawanna Yacht club. He is also a member of the board of visitors to the United States Military academy.

"RAPID TRANSIT" IN MEXICO.

Primitive Street Railway System in Town of Navasota.

City of Mexico.—The town of Navasota has one of the most primitive street railway systems in Mexico. It is saying a good deal, for in some towns of the country the transportation systems are about as crude as could well be imagined. The Navasota line is equipped with home built cars. These cars are about the height of an



Crude Street Cars in Mexican Town.

average man and each will seat about 20 persons. They are divided into two sections. The forward end is for first-class passengers and the rear section is for second class. There is no difference in the finishing and comforts of the two sections but a higher rate of fare is charged those who ride in the forward section. Each car will accommodate as many as eight first-class passengers by crowding. The rudely constructed seats run lengthwise of the car. It is a tropical climate and closed cars are not necessary. The wheels and trucks are flimsy looking, but they seem to have much more strength than their appearance would indicate. The track is narrow gauge. Small Mexican burros are used to haul the cars. The line does a good business and is said to be making money for its owners.

The Proper Spirit.

"Do you still want this genealogy?" asked the man who digs up such things.

"Sure, I do—why not?"

"Well, I've found that your great-grandfather was hanged for murder, your great-grandfather was imprisoned for robbery, and your grandfather was tarred and feathered for beating his wife. That's not a very proud record, is it?"

"I should say it is. Shows how my family is getting better, each generation. I'm an improvement on the whole bunch—never been in jail yet. Let me have those records—I'm proud of 'em!"—Cleveland Leader.

Germs in Upper Air.

Recent balloon observations have, says the University Correspondent, shown that bacteria are not absent from the upper air, as has often been supposed. At three miles exposed gelatine plates caught abundant germs, mostly pigmented, the pigment probably forming a protection against ultra-violet rays and cold. Up to about 1,600 feet there was little falling off in the number of bacteria—about 400 per cubic foot of air.

Invaluable.

Bluffton—I said something to my wife last week that offended her and she hasn't spoken to me since.

Henpeck—Great Scott, man! You can't remember what it was, can you?

ASCENSION OF OUR LORD

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 3, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 1:1-14. Memory verses, 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried into heaven."—Luke 24:51.

TIME.—The spring of A. D. 33. The Ascension, May 13. The ten days' waiting, May 18-28.

PLACE.—The Ascension was from Olivet, near Bethany. The meeting place of the disciples was in the upper room in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN HISTORY.—The close of the earthly life of Jesus Christ. The birth of the Christian religion.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The life of Jesus on earth, including (1) What he was; (2) What he did; (3) What he taught; was an essential condition of all his power during the centuries of Christianity.

It made him a real being to us, while unseen on earth.

It illustrates his teachings for all ages.

It was a perpetual ideal, by which to test all we are and do and teach.

It is in itself a supreme power to influence character.

Illustrations.—I know of no discordant note among educators in the testimony that "The greatest thing a teacher ever brings to a child is not the subject matter, but the uplift which comes from heart contact with a great personality."

President Charles F. Thwing records the results of "a very interesting study of 50 representative men to questions involving the best thing college does for a man." The entire drift of the testimony was that the most these men got from college was inspiration from life contact with great leaders.

"No nobler feelings," says Carlyle, "than admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life."

The promise of the Father was the special, overflowing gift of the Holy Spirit, as we learn from verses 5 and 8, and the fulfillment of the promise in the next chapter. The Father had promised this gift through Joel (2:28, 29) as shown in Acts 2: 17, 18; through Isaiah (42:15; 44:3); Hagai (2:5); Zechariah (4:6; 12:10; 12:10).

The promise is called The Promise, for it really includes all the promises of the coming of the kingdom of God.

The disciples were the instrumentality used by the Great Leader. God works not only directly on the hearts of men, but through his people on other men. God in men is the power through which the kingdom of God has so far come, and is to come in its fullness. "The agencies he employs must, by their very nature, be the Divine Spirit and the human disciple."—Kirtley. The achievements of the apostles in the story of the Acts were the accounts of what the Jesus continued to do after his ascension. The author of "The Fifth Gospel" (i. e., Saint Paul's gospel as recorded in his epistles, many of them written before the first of our four gospels,) shows that the apostles not only preached the facts of Jesus' life, but the significance of the life which Jesus continued to teach them through their own experience guided and inspired by the Holy Spirit.

1. They had their ideal in the promise of the Father.

2. They were imbued with power by the Holy Spirit.

3. They were changed, transformed, by the Holy Spirit, into new men fitted to carry on the work of Christ.

4. They knew the facts about Christ, and they experienced his presence and his teachings, so that they could be witnesses to the whole world.

It was at this time, doubtless, that the great change came over his body described in 1 Cor. 15:51-53. For such a change is signified by his appearance as John saw him (Rev. 1:12-16).

The Importance of the Ascension.

1. It is the one fitting ending to the earthly life of Jesus. Coming from the Father he returns to the Father.

2. The last view of Jesus is not on the cross, but going home in glory.

3. It kept before the disciples the fact that he is their ever living Saviour. We do not worship and serve and trust a dead Saviour, but one who is alive forevermore.

4. He can rule and guide his people infinitely better there than on any earthly plane, where but few could come into his near presence.

5. It places Jesus before all men as their ideal.

6. "It enables us to realize his divinity, without losing his humanity."

7. It gives us the true idea of his kingdom as a spiritual kingdom of righteousness.

8. The doctrine of the ascension, with its hope of future glory, with its transfigured son of man (not son of Jew or Greek, but of man) on the throne, "adds new dignity to life" for the lowliest slave has changed into the likeness of his glorified body.

The power of faith in a supreme leader. The church without him would be an army without a general, the evolution of nature without a God. Never has been such a leader as the ascended and enthroned Christ.

The power of an ideal before all Christians, the ideal for each personal life in Jesus himself, the ideal to be gained by the church as a whole for which each disciple is laboring and to which he has consecrated himself and all he has and is.

The assurance of success is a mighty inspiration in the times of struggle with the powers of evil.

World's Sugar Production.

An estimate by the British board of trade of the sugar production of the world for 1906 makes a total of 14,312,716 long tons, of which 7,317,472 tons were cane and 6,995,244 tons beet, the production of both kinds advancing practically at the same rate since 1895. In the production of cane sugar British India had the largest output of 2,222,400 tons, and in beet sugar Germany ranked first, with an output of 2,262,187 tons. In consumption of sugar per head Australia stands first at 129 pounds, the United States coming next with 89 pounds, and the United Kingdom following at 81 pounds.

DO LITTLE REAL WORK

Play is the Principal Occupation of the Turkish Army Officers.

Very seldom if he can help it does the Turkish army officer appear on horseback, says the Chicago Daily News, and when not on duty he looks upon his horse merely as a method of locomotion. He has no affection or understanding for the horse. The superior officers have no horses of

their own, and, being generally bad riders, and without military qualities which would raise them in the estimation of their men, they are neither loved nor respected by them. Marching officers keep entirely to themselves, such things as invitations to one another's houses being unknown, and the only occasions upon which officers meet together at all are on the days of assembly, when they are

called together for the sultan's birthday or accession celebrations.

The pay of the lower ranks is as small as that of the superior officer is high. The young cavalry officer who makes a good impression on his entry into the service soon falls to pieces through want of occupation either of mind or body. The greater part of the morning and evening he sits over his coffee and cards, or dominoes. There are but few newspapers, and those that do exist are so severely censored by the government that

they contain little but weather statistics, gazettes and announcements of the bestowal of decorations.

What the Turkish officer really thoroughly enjoys is a gramophone. Instruments playing the waltzes and reproducing the music hall songs of all the cities of Europe are in the greatest possible request, chiefly because they make music without any personal trouble.

Every frown and every smile a man gets back in life is the fruit of his own seeding.